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Wellesley College

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MR. GUTZON BORGLUM LECTURES ON LINCOLN.

The college was fortunate in hearing a lecture on Abraham Lincoln by Gutzon Borglum, one of the most prominent American sculptors, on Tuesday, February 11, in Newman Hall. Mr. Borglum has made several studies of Lincoln. One of the first, almost an experiment, as he himself said, is the large head which now is at the Capitol in Washington. The other is the famous seated figure now in Newark, New Jersey.

Mr. Borglum's knowledge of Lincoln comes from careful study of everything connected with him. Several times the sculptor has been to Springfield and has talked with men now living who knew Mr. Lincoln intimately, and there is no clow concerning his life or character that he has not followed. This unusual, careful study, aided by profound sympathy and the utmost admiration, renders Mr. Borglum eminently able to give a true estimate. "To me," he said, "Lincoln is first of all the creator." He worked with men, with laws, with organizations, but always he was creating, and always towards the ideal. He was a keen reader of human nature, he had a very definite sense of values, and he was always absolutely honest. These fundamental qualities helped to make him what he became. He knew what was coming when he became president. He knew civil war was certain. And he was the creator even during the war when he mapped out battles and strategic moves in orders which he gave to his generals.

The thing which made Lincoln the greatest man in the world since Christ was his sense of nearness and contact with the people about him—he brooked no fivefathom kind. It is this which the world has lost to-day. The gold crusted bonds no longer exist again that wonderful spirit of fellowship and common love and interest.

Mr. Borglum sketched briefly the story of Lincoln's life which is so familiar to all, and then added several anecdotes which were new to the audience. The story of the coming of the delegates to tell Lincoln of his nomination as candidate, and their reception, so carefully planned but so spontaneous in effect, was another human touch which made everyone feel that people, as in the tale of how he grew his beard to please a little (Continued on page 3, column 3)

HAVE YOU ANY QUESTIONS?

Besides the regular afternoon meetings at 3 o'clock in the chapel, Dr. Gilkey will hold discussion meetings in the various dormitories from 7.00 to 7.30 each evening. These dormitories will be as follows:

Tuesday—Tower Court
We've CC Hall
Thursday—Washington
Friday—Beebe

On each dormitory and on the C. A. Board in Founders are envelopes in which questions may be placed which you would like to have answered in these meetings.

After these discussion meetings, Dr. Gilkey will hold private conferences. The hostesses in the different dormitories will post schedules for these conferences early in the week upon their house boards. Anyone and everyone is asked to sign for some time.

But I am going to all meetings, put questions in the envelopes and arouse as much enthusiasm as you can.

Let us show Dr. Gilkey that we are glad he is here.

INFORMAL TALK BY MR. BORGLUM.

In addition to his talk on Friday evening, Mr. Gutzon Borglum spoke formally to a group of students in the Art Building on Sunday morning. By way of prologue Mr. Borglum stressed the development man has made from the time when nature's interests, that is, food, shelter, and other unimportant, to the time when things unimportant in comparison to the developed taste for the fine arts. The person who understands that real happiness does not lie in the material things shows a little understanding why people to-day are unhappy. "We cannot have civilization," Mr. Borglum affirmed. The emphasis of modern life is wrong, and as a consequence this civilization, unless it has something permanent to offer and that respects some of our finer civilizations. In Couthage the Romans did not find a thing worth saving. In New York to-day there is nothing that really belongs, that is part and parcel of the American civilization. "Every human being has an individuality that nature has to experiment. It is something unique and precious." When men combine their individuality, when they think and act in common, then comes the heroic age. Thus it was in the great age of Greece, "I would gladly work and never sign a thing," asserted Mr. Borglum. "Let character and merit designate worth instead of a name. One can't mistake a great man's work. One can always tell a Rodin, an Angelo, a Whistler, a Lincoln." There are great periods because there are a few big men who "break right into a period and lift the whole race to a higher plane. The old life drops away, the new goes on.

Michael Angelo was one of those men who dared break into conventions and prejudice. His work expresses his own personality and the recognition of his own farce. Rodin, born of the people, gave the world a new idea of composition, of man's relationship.

"The greatest thing since Christ," continued the speaker, "is the Renaissance, and the greatest man of the Renaissance is Columbus. Men are only great in proportion as they give to humanity and are the greatest forces are not artists. Columbus gave as his gift a man who becomes a new civilization. We've been four hundred years breaking the ground, dredging the rivers, building the cities of our civilization. Isn't it time we'd carry the ideas forward?"

We boast of our political independence, freedom of commerce, of our commerce, of our commerce, of our commerce, but afraid to be intellectually independent? The worst thing is we are afraid to see art, other and don't stop to see it. We don't allow a new thought of opinion to be placed on the table to be analyzed. America has her own destiny. She should strive to make her own ideals finer in the world.

"When I started out as a young artist in the West, I studied the lives of famous artists. But I found that the person I was most anxious to meet was Gutzon Borglum. I wanted to know what was worth preserving. what worth giving to the world. My studies led me to find service in yourselves. In whatever line of art, and I include law, and home making, know yourselves and find in yourselves something of everlasting value to give the world."

Owing to the fact that the talk was given informally in the Art Lecture Room during a class period, only comparatively few students could be present but they fully appreciated the extra kindness Mr. Borglum bestowed upon Wellesley.
It seems to be part of the college atmosphere, that dead, drugging feeling of inert mass. Anyone who has attempted to quicken it into interest or organization will testify to the fact. If you are chairman of a committee, you know the exasperating effort necessary to put it in action. Have you asked an opinion on the Honor System or what campus will think of sending Seniors to the Vill this Spring and been met with a hesitating and application? "Oh, no, not now," or a lighted smile of the shoulders and "Oh, leave that to the collegiate members of the community! Why worry ourselves?" If you have, you know why it is so hard to "start things" in Wellesley. The work is always left to the older undergraduates. Freshmen start with enthusiasm and arrive on campus, sophomore more year to realize gradually how many upper class eyes are looking on their labors with amused pity until they, too, adopt a sagacious and uninterested air. It is only when the active member makes some innovation distintful to the inert mass, that interest is evoked. There is the classic instance of the adoption of the Honor System, for example, or any one might name numerous instances of supercritical groups returning from ski singing, Barn plays, or serenades which they would not lift a finger to help along.

There are many activities coming along now—Barn plays, Tree Day, Debating. Go out for them and stay up. Make Wellesley a driving force instead of a resisting mass.

WELCOME TO PRESIDENT PENDELETON

The News joins the entire college in welcoming President Pendleton back to Wellesley. We are eager to hear reports of her interesting trip. Although we know that she was away, been an important factor in international education, we are selfish enough to feel glad that she has returned to serve here.

FREE PRESS.

All contributions for this column must be signed with the full names of the contributors, and all letters thus signed will be printed. Initials or numerals will be used in permission from the Editor, and so designated.

The Editors do not hold themselves responsible for opinions and statements which appear in this column. Contributions should be in the hands of the Editors by 9 A. M. on Monday.

IV. ALL COLLEGE ELECTIONS.

It is not many weeks before those who will hold the big college offices next year will be elected. Every year there is in the minds of the great majority of students a complete blank about the possible people to fill these offices. In the end they nominate someone in a haphazard way because she is good in office this year, trusting that the same person will be suited for or interested in the new position, or they hear another voter say whom she has nominated and follow the suggestion without any serious thought on the matter. That is obviously not the way to go about finding good people to fill the offices—to represent the body of students in the college. It is not right that a few who have thought about the matter and who have a candidate to propose should influence the rest of the college. Every single student should have her own candidate in mind—a candidate that she has reasons for choosing. The only way to have really competent officers is to think of those for the position; to know their capabilities; to know, if possible, the stand they take or have taken in matters of college interest.

It is up to every girl in the college to know so much about the student suitable for office. But the elections will be far more intelligent if the officers are not elected simply because they were good in one position at the time and for the time being. We are not saying, of course, that they are well known, though their ideas are not. It is time now to prepare by intelligent thought and discussion for the all college elections.

E. P., '21.

II. A WORTHWHILE ELECTIVE.

Where is our Wellesley spirit? The answer, although negative, is telling. It is not in the chapel, once the heart of the college. It has strayed to Sunday breakfast parties, to preparations for Monday work, to profitable mornings in bed; it has departed from its finest abode, the chapel. Men come to preach to Wellesley girls; they find a most inspiring congregation of vacant chairs.

What is wrong? Why do we deliberately miss our great opportunities, and substitute for them a few paltry pleasures? The best of preachers address us, but still the faithful few become fewer, while the ranks of the thoughtless many swell.

Men may come to preach to our electors. It is time to use our best judges and critics at the time. It is not right that a few who have thought about the matter and who have a candidate to propose should influence the rest of the college. Every single student should have her own candidate in mind—a candidate that she has reasons for choosing. The only way to have really competent officers is to think of those for the position; to know their capabilities; to know, if possible, the stand they take or have taken in matters of college interest.

It is time now to prepare by intelligent thought and discussion for the all college elections.

H. G. R., '22.

III. ALL WELLESLEY OUT TO WIN!

Did you ever go to Debate? If you did you'll remember the excitement, growing tension with each succeeding speaker—the entire audience in each argument—the winning enthusiasm as the Judges come out to make the announcement of victory—and then the sickening disappointment of having to give up. For Wellesley has lost all too often—so often that this year she must win.

Do you realize that debate is our only intercollegiate legimate activity? Men's colleges have the fun of competition in sports, and you know the importance they attach to the foot ball victory! We have only Debate—but surely we have an equal amount of team spirit at the States; why not concentrate on that one big contest! Wellesley must win this year—and it's up to you to make her do it.

The Club has made a name for itself this year, as a live college organization. It needs money and support. If you want to help, you will get:

1. Membership for fifty cents.
2. A Reserved Seat at Debate.
3. A reduction in the price of your ticket.
4. The satisfaction of playing up and showing real college spirit.

Let's show the other colleges we're still alive and going strong!

M. F., '20.

FOR SERBIA.

Properly speaking, this is not a "free press," but I don't know, what other department of the News to place it so I am writing it as free press. The story that it was Serbia alone, without the help of a single ally, that for seventeen months repelled attacks on three frontiers, and kept the Germans from getting to Baghdad! Did you know that Austria sent word to the Serbian government, after the war had been going on for several months, that the enemy was burning Serbian schools with the children in them, hospitals full of sick and wounded, and would continue to do so unless Serbia surrendered and allowed Austrians and Germans to pass through her territory and so on to Baghdad? The Serbians fought on. A second time came that the enemy intended to main and mutilate all boys between the ages of eight and sixteen (all men from 17 to 70 were fighting), so that there might not be a future generation. Seventy thousand boys were started on their march across the Albanian Mountains, their mothers sending them off with a smile, though they knew that they might never see their again, but they knew that they were going into foreign countries where no one knew their language. Of these seventy thousand boys only six thousand got across the mountains and thence into Greece and off to Southern France and Eng-

Imagine that! Not on a short raid, but eight or nine years old crossing the Albanian Mountains, trying to carry enough food to last them even a week, though, if I remember rightly, it was no mountaineers. Many of them starved to death, more were frozen to death, and would lie down at night under the shelter of a boulder. In the morning, after the snow had drifted over them, the young officers who were conducting the boys across the mountains could tell by the little hole in their warm clothing where the boys were dead and which were still alive. If they had died there was no hole, they were completely covered with snow. Afterwards, in Tower Court, Dr. Morton showed pictures of Serbians who had been burned to death and their hands thrust behind their heads and their mouths broken. The above incidents are only a few of the less tragic ones described by Dr. Morton.

At present there are 55 Serbian girls and boys all of college age in America. Most of them are in college, some are still to be placed. There is a possibility of getting a girl in Wellesley very soon, this semester in fact. Her academic expenses will be paid, her travelling expenses will be paid, her summer expenses and other expenses by voluntary contributions. And now I come to the free press part. If every girl in college would give to Serbia, that is to the education of Serbian boys and girls, one-half of what she spends on the tea-room and theatres and amusements in general, an adequate fund could be raised, which would go a little way toward wiping out the debt we owe to the splendid courage of Serbia. All contributions should be sent to Miss Mary Fraser Smith.

Do it now!

'22.

Girls wishing to go as delegates to Smith for the Intercollegiate debate, March 20th, should notify Esther Moody, 16 Freeman, by resident mail, before Tuesday, February 24th. Kindly give name, class and state whether you have been a delegate to any previous Intercollegiate debate.
TO SERBIA'S ASSISTANCE!

Every girl who heard Dr. Rosalie S. Morton talk about Serbia last Sunday at Chapel realized how urgent the needs of that brave little country are. It is hard to comprehend what suffering she has endured. But through all this suffering the Serbian people's one idea has been to save the children. In a desperate attempt to prevent the mutilation of her youth by the Bulgars, Serbia gathered together an army of boys from eight to sixteen years old, and marched them over the Albanian Mountains out of Serbia. All that survived the hardships of cold and hunger on that hard march were 6,000 out of 7,000; 5,000 of Serbia's boys from the huge army of 70,000 that started. Serbia has had the one idea in mind of keeping her country from extermination. Now that the war is over she needs our assistance.

The way to rebuild Serbia is to educate her youth, and we can help. Dr. Morton has begun this by bringing 60 boys and girls to America. Some of them have already been placed in various colleges. Smith has taken two girls, and Mount Holyoke one. At present Wellesley has promised a scholarship to one girl for next year. But in the meantime the girls have to be clothed. Vacation and incidental expenses have to be provided for. If Wellesley cannot have its share in this worthwhile task by having a Serbian girl here this semester, as has been hoped, at least she can contribute by giving financial support. Individual contributions will go directly to Dr. Morton if sent to the Wellesley College Service Fund in care of Miss Mary Fraser Smith, labelled for Serbian Education for America. No matter how small the gift, it will be welcome. It may buy a pair of stockings or a much needed book. Give the money you would spend on your next trip to the tearoom toward the education of a Serbian girl. The good your gift will do, will be well worth the personal inconvenience. Wellesley must not fall behind, so give Serbia needs all that Wellesley will give.

THE UNIT AT LUCY-LE-BOCAOE CONTINUED.

Transportation! Anyone who has had any contact with welfare work in France, or who has simply lived there, knows the fatal significance of that word. The "cruise de transportation" is invoked to explain everything from a guest late to dinner to the lack of every necessity of life in the "regions libérées." Thus the use of the Wellesley camion is invaluable in facilitating the repairing of shattered homes by hauling sacks of cement and timber and glass the 14 kilometers from Chateau-Thierry. In much the same manner the camionette is the rounding up of many of the smaller necessities for the district, for the carrying of women to market, and so forth.

Coming back from this friendly tour, we stopped in at the schoolhouse, a tiny barrack heated by a single stove. The children were all making a "copie" in the amazingly good handwriting of the French school. Besides the Unit the school is the one point of contact with the outside world, the one source of intellectual stimulus in the drab, dismal lives of these poor children. When the Unit leaves Lucy-le-Bocage it will take away much light and color, but it is striving now to effect a change in the school situation so that it will leave behind it a conscientious school-mistress, who will still carry on the torch of whatever light we may be able to shed on the problems of these broken homes and lives.

Some of the little girls, bright-eyed and answering always with the politeness of French children, were wearing some of the blue, white-polka-dotted frocks made by the Wellesley Club in America. Well do I remember those bolts of blue cloth, and it should be a comfort to all those Wellesley sewers to know that the little frocks, the blue pantaloons, the knitted hoods, all are being worn. They are among the articles sold in the Community Room when it turns into a "General Store." To these little ones and others like them in the surrounding villages Julia Drew, '13, gives playtime hours and corrective gymnastic exercises.

Saying good-bye to a slightly flustered but still polite schoolroom, we wandered into the ruined church. For a long time a figure of Christ hung there in an archway, shattered stones above and a tangle of debris below, but it has now been taken and nothing is left but fragments of masonry, a bit of a broken bell, the smashed door of a confession, and the rain dropping through the gaping roof into puddles on the floor. Scratched on an archway one sees, in French, "God with Germany, America with France." Flattering, in its way.

A little barrack about the size of the schoolhouse serves now for offices; before it was built, Mass was held in the dining-room of the Unit. A crude fix on a side-shrine has just been put up again by Wellesley's aid—trying to restore in every way the symbols of spiritual life around which these villages so blindly cling. When will the church be whole again? The barrack serves to cover priest and worshippers, but the church gives a glimpse of beauty before them.

I should like nothing better than to see all the district under the Unit's supervision, but Lucy-le-Bocaige is after all the most significant, and so I was driven back to Chateau-Thierry in the later afternoon. It was the third time the camionette had made that tiresome trip, for Christine Myrick, '14, and Mary Rogers, '14, had just come back from Paris. The rain had ceased, the wind fallen, and along the river Marne the gold and green of the trees looked into the still water. We passed many German prisoners, mud-stained and demonstrating the high degree of practicality of their gray-green uniforms sinking into the gray-green scenery. I still dislike to look at them, but with those beside whom they work some of the rancour has already melted away. Ruth Lindsay, '13, was driving, and as we went she told me about shoes. She is becoming an expert shoe-seller and try-oner for devastated veterans. She told me also the story about Angelo and Angelina, two forlorn little twins. I had seen them this very day, driving cows into a sodden courtyard, their stringy yellow hair shining with rain, their spindle legs disappearing into mishapen shoes. This is all they did; rain or shine they spent their days tending cattle, until the Unit came. Now, at least, they sometimes go to school, and one wonderful day they went to a party while two of the Unit spent the day in the fields tending cows for them. Telling me this she tucked the care smartly up to the platform, and I jumped out thinking that this exchange of efficiency and human kindness may be the answer to many questions that we have been despairingly asking.

MRS. GUTRON BOGULEM LECTURES ON LINCOLN.

(Continued from page 1, column 1)

limited this year, and, in past years, many have been unable to obtain places. A reduction of price will also be allowed members. Debating is the only chance to "get acquainted" with another college. The choice of visiting delegation and of hostesses for the delegation here, although not limited in any way to debaters, is based upon the attitude of each girl to the larger aspect of the Club's activities.

3. Your participation in the only all-college organization studying present problems. All varieties of work are open, from cooking for the Intercollegiate delegation, to stump-speaking in Founders Hall. Ask anyone who lasted last year if she enjoyed it!

Mary Burnett, 1909, is chairman of the membership committee. The price of admission is but fifty cents. Watch for your house canvasser—and join.

R. C. J.

DEBATING CLUB MEMBERSHIP DRIVE.

(Continued from page 1, column 2)

girl who wrote to him suggesting that he would be less lonely with one.

"But it is a mistaken idea that Lincoln was untruth or ugly," asserted Mr. Borglum. "His forehead was as delicately chiseled as any Greek's, and his nose as fine. His eyes were singularly expressive. He had the most efficient features of any person I have ever known."

For Your Guests

ROOMS CAN BE OBTAINED AT

MRS. STONE'S
18 BELAIR ROAD
WELLESLEY

THE WELLESLEY COLLEGE NEWS

Blouses, Gowns, Suits, Coats, Sweater Coats, Skirts, Silk Petticoats and Furs.

Meyer Jonasson & Co.
BOSTON
TREMONT AND BOYLSTON STS.
We have just come home from our last Christmas party—the last of twelve. Santa Claus is a bit weary of his role, and the Christmas tree is rather the worse for wear, but the glamour still lingers in the tinsel trappings and the echo of children's laughter still warms the dark and rainy night.

To-night we journeyed ten miles through the mud in our little truck to our farthest village of Gandolfa. You would have thought when we went into the town that every soul was in bed, so black was the narrow, cobble-street and so silent the little gray stone houses. But our motor horn spoke loudly as we bounced toward the schoolhouse, and in our wake doors flew open, lights gleamed from the kitchen hearths, and the sound of sabots clattered from every direction. No sooner had we put on the brakes and slammed down to unlock than the crowd had gathered, chattering and squealing with excitement. The boys speculated loudly about the tree swathed in sheets, recumbent in the ear, with its tinselled tip protruding far beyond the rear. When we got it out and set up in a corner of the schoolroom, they tore at the shutters outside and scrambled up over the window-sills to peep in, but we managed to shovel them off while we set it to rights and dressed it up with lighted candles. It looked quite fairylike in that cold bare room, with its glistening trimmings, its silver star and the gay little points of light. The children could only gasp when they came in and found it there. And such children! Dozens and dozens of them in sabots and black pinafores and little wooden shawls. Their eyes glistened with excitement and their shrill little voices filled the air with a perceptible thrill.

When they were well packed into their old familiar school benches, and the last struggling grandmother had found a chair, some one darkened the tree, and the movie show began. Of course, you may think movies shows are a universal American vice, but for real thorough appreciation you ought to operate one in a shell-shattered village of France. Hardly one of those youngsters had ever seen one before our advent, and not many of the grown people. How they did shout at the sight, and scurry and stare, and how they held their breath in the sad spots! We gave them several Christmas stories—one a picture of the Journey of the Three Wise Men. I am not sure that they really knew what it all meant, but they felt all over, once cold lady said she had heard of the cinema and now she had seen one before she died. She thought they were very good things. As for the children, they kept up a constant chorus of "Oh, if I had one, if I had one." And when the tests were in French they read them off in a thin piping song-syllable, with half a dozen slow ones always a lap or two behind so that they lost the last few words.

When the films were over, we once more lighted the tree, and then their loud raps were heard on the door. From tumultuous comment, the room fell into complete silence. Again the loud raps.

"Entrez," cried someone.

Slowly, slowly, the door opened, and in came the jolliest red and white Father Christmas you ever saw, with a big red basket of packages on his back. After a moment of silent amazement, the youngsters went perfectly wild. I never heard such yells and screeches, and rising to a high crescendo of glees. Poor old Santa Claus simply couldn't make himself heard at first. When he could, the children were so awed and excited that they couldn't answer to their own names.

"Père Robin," "Père Noel" would call. A murmur ran across the room:

"Pierre Robin—oh, est Pierre Robin?"

"Pierre Robin," the school teacher would echo helpfully. And then suddenly a little voice would quaver:


What with little gifts, chocolate candies and cakes and cookies and cakes and candy, the party was quite blissful and all too soon ended. Père Noel announced each and all to be good against the next year, and then he whisked out of sight, and it was time to go home.

It took quite a while for everyone to file out of the narrow passage and to shake hands with the hostesses. By the time the last "Bon soir" had been said, the movie machine was once more in its case, the tree once again unplugged in its sheets, the dishes and the stage properties stored in their baskets. Then, with a final handshake for the school-master, a preliminary chugging and smocking of the exhaust, this very modern version of Santa Claus' sleighbells and reindeer went whirling off into the night to Father Noel's headquarters in Lucy-le-Bocage.

A FRENCH CHILDREN'S DENTAL CLINIC.

By Caroline W. Macune.

Did anyone ever really like to go to the dentist? I believe some of the children who came to the Wellesley Unit's dental clinic in Lucy-le-Bocage might almost acknowledge that they did. For three days this week the skillful and kindly dentists of the American Women's Hospital in Blenhein court held sway in our big room, and nearly sixty children are the better for it.

It was late on a cold and rainy Sunday night when their blue Ford ambulance came unexpectedly couching and churning up our muddy hill, and the next morning the clinic began in earnest. Two regulation dentist's chairs were set up under the north windows of our big room, a footstool drill appeared at one side, the little swinging stand of drawers presented all the paraphernalia of the profession on the other. Spilltrays were set at strategic points, buckets and pitchers and sterilizing pons were grouped about the stove, and the odor of disinfectant pervaded all the house.

In the meantime, the Ford, emptied of its instruments of torture, and our little Dodge fared forth to gather in the victims. The victims were children selected by the doctor as those being most in need of care. The warning had gone around the week before to be ready so they were scrubbed and sitting, waiting, scared but obedient. A few disappeared utterly and never were found. But in most cases, the families not only had the children ready, but appreciated the opportunity so keenly that the parents begged to come too, to have their own neglected molars cared for.

The barracks were a lively place those three days. In the dining room the children waited for their turn, listening the while to Victrola music, playing games, watching the typewriter, and enviously seeing those who had returned from the dentist munching their普洛特 of chocolate bars for good behavior. Some of them had to stay for luncheon and they were marked with special importance because they had eaten and survived the strange American food.

When the light began to fade, Mr. Ford's ambulance once more got up steam and the precious brood was bundled off for home again. One night the littlest baby was forgotten and Julia had to chase frantically after to stop the car in time to send her with the others. But aside from that, the clinic was without mishap, and now that the childish jaws are growing daily less sore, we are once more winning back the confidence of our little friends.
THE PARLIAMENT OF FOOLS

WELLESLEY WISDOM.

The Yale Record wishes to congratulate the Dean and faculty of Wellesley College on the effective measures they have taken to prevent the girls from attending the Yale Junior Promenade.

The penalty of flunking one 3-hour course (the course to be selected by the Dean) is a master stroke. The faculty evidently realizes that the Yale Prom is a great evil and desires to save its charges from temptations from which they themselves have been spared. Wellesley girls have been allowed to attend other Proms, and therefore their discrimination against Yale must be heartily commended.

We feel that we could not more adequately express our views on this matter than by reproducing the following telegram to the Dean of Wellesley, sent collect—

"The student body wishes to express their gratitude to the Dean and faculty of Wellesley College for keeping the girls away from New Haven on the 10th of February. With such loyal backing we feel there is now some chance of keeping their hearts in Greater Boston." (Signed). Harvard.

"I am greatly delighted to hear of your Heaven-inspired stroke of genius in keeping your innocent charges away from those naughty Yale boys. We must fight the good fight together. Don't get weaker—I can't!" (Signed). G. F. Bundeltinger. From "Yale Record."

TO THE WALLS OF A QUADRANGLE ROOM.

O wondrous buff expanse of dimpled hills,
Myriad in number and yet e'er the same!
I would that common poet's pen could name
The rage with which thy sudden contact fills
The maid who meets thee unexpectedly!
Thou who didst teach her her first words of swear
When she would go beyond—and found thee there!
Her bruised knuckles must forever be
A monument to thy great force, thou who
Didst mock her when at early morning she
Her bed did make and all unconsciously
Disturbed thy peace. Then thou did make her rue
That knuckles were in thy vicinity!
O noble one, who of thyself didst lend
That on thy pimply pictures without end
Might roost with blissful equanimity!
All hall, sweet walls, cherished by memory!
Centuries may roll, but nothing can change thee!

"Why do the girls wear their hair all pulled up like that!"

"Don't you know? That's so they can have room to think."

There was a young girl with a cold,
She'd the flu all the gossips foretold,
She was ill with pneumonia,
Soon would die, poor Antonia—
Next day she was well as of old.

"There are two kinds of jokes at which students should laugh—the funny ones and the ones the profs tell."—The Campus.

A man once asked a maiden what she used her head for.
The answer that she made to him will now to you
be said, for:
Hair is just a woman's veil to hide her bump of knowledge;
And eyebrows are just waves with which she learned to vaunt at college.
Eyes are telegraphic sparks to say what tongues can't utter.
A nose is just a something pert to make a man's heart flutter.
Lips were made to keep one's hands from wearing out too soon.
Chins were just to make one take one—break one, dimples to catch the moon;
Put them all together and you've a 20th century bloom. J. C. R., 1933.

ADVANTAGES OF EARLY CREDIT CARDS.

It is clearly apparent that the time has come for the student body to rise in protest against the late issue of credit cards. Up to this time the student has had no means of knowing how to treat his instructors on the first day of the new semester. If the cards were received earlier, his attitude toward them could then be formulated according to the most correct and approved methods.

If A. has been received—sweet smile and flowers on the desk.
If B. has been received—cordial entrance and prominent seat in first row.
If C. has been received—Pleasant, but not effective. End seat in second row.
If D. has been received—Cool aloofness, and the back row.
If E. has been received—Very late entrance. Any actions annoying to the instructor, such as loud dropping of books, discussion of Prom, with next door neighbor, constant, and very evident reference to wrist watch.
If F. has been received—Entire obliviousness of the instructor.
If G. has been received—(It will not be necessary for students receiving this grade to decide how to greet their instructors. They will probably not see them at all). A. H., '21.

BY THEIR VOICES YE MAY KNOW THEM.

From "Jack o' Lantern."
Sunday and Various Street Car Conductors.
New York: "Git out de vay, notch for you stop de climbin'?"
Philadelphia: "Please move slowly up there in front."
Boston: "I beg, my dear sir, that you will afford passageway to a few persons in the rear of this vehicle."
Chicago: "Hey yoons—Gang-way!"
New Orleans: "Mah desh suh, please make way!"
Honover, N. H.: "__________________________"

The squad was doing hand-traveling on the boom. "Oh," pipes up a voice, "this is just like what I used to do last summer when I was camping on a tree limb!" Now, really, Dot! M. P., '21.

WELLESLEY INN

WELLESLEY, MASS.
Afternoon Tea served from 3 to 6 P.M.

TAXI SERVICE

Perkins Garage
SUMNER FROST, Proprietor
69 Central St., Wellesley, Mass.

Telephone Wellesley 409
Cars to Rent—Automobiles. Trips to White Mountains—The Berkshires—North and South Shores—Baggage Transferred to and from the station. Complete line of tires, tubes and automobile accessories

Look for cars marked "E. O. P."

Sue Rice Studio and Gift Shop
HIGH Grade Portraiture,
Gifts, Unusual Cards, Frames,
Amateur Finishing

WADAN BLOCK 10 GROVE ST.
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Dr. EBEN MOORE FLATT
Orthodontist
558 Washington St., Wellesley
Office Hours, 9 a. m. to 12 m. 2 to 5 p.m.
Graduate of New York School of Dentistry.
Telephone, Wellesley 471-M

Wellesley Fruit Company
Don't forget to visit our store.
One of the best stores in Wellesley. Carries a Full Line of
FANCY FRUIT, GROCERIES and CRACKERS
Phone Wellesley 138-W
APPONMENT BUREAU.

(In so far as possible, all notices for the Appointment Bureau will hereafter be found on page 6 of each issue).

Anyone interested in a position indicated under this heading is asked to address Miss Casswell, Room 1, Administration Building, without delay, unless some other instructions accompany the notice regarding the position. In writing, the number of the position should be quoted.

No. 26. A teacher of French and Latin, and a teacher of mathematics and physics will be needed for next year (1930–31) in a junior college for girls, in Kentucky. The salary will be at least $60 a month with board and home in the school.

NOTICE.

Miss Florence Jackson, Vocational Advisor of the college, is still holding conferences with students every Tuesday afternoon from four to six, in Room 103, Founders Hall. Miss Jackson's interviews are open to students of all classes, not only to those seniors who have joined the Appointment Bureau, but to all other members of the Senior Class, and to all members of other classes. Since Miss Jackson will be away several weeks in March and April, those students wishing conferences should sign immediately on the schedule of conferences posted on the Vocational Guidance Bulletin Board.

There will be no conferences the week of February twenty-third.

A. F. PERKINS.
Chairman of the Vocational Guidance Committee.
MARION F. HERSH, Senior Member.

The Huntoon House
Open the year round.
NORTH SUTTON, N. H.
R. W. SEYMOUR
-proprietor
An ideal place for a rest or for winter sports. Toboganning, snow shoeing, coasting, skiing, sleigh riding and skating are among the attractions of the House available to the guests.
The Huntoon House is on the approved list for Wellesley College vacationists.
The rates are reasonable and the table excellent. Write for circular and more complete information.

OLD NATICK INN,
SOUTH NATICK, MASS.
Rooms with Bath
Good Meals.
Griddle Cakes with Maple Syrup in Tea Room—Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays.
Telephone—Natick 8610
MISS HARRIS, Manager

WELLESLEY'S WORK IN FOREIGN COLLEGES.

The appeal of the Des Moines Conference makes us all the more eager to carry forward our plans for helping students in other lands where it is difficult for girls especially to find opportunity for school and college, which we enjoy so freely. We rejoice, therefore, that our Service Fund has enabled us to help the girls of Constantinople and Madrid through the appropriation of $500 to Constantinople College for Girls, and of $500 to the International Institute for Girls in Spain. For years past contributions have been sent to both these institutions through the Christian Association and other committees, but we now have a Foreign Educational Committee whose duty it is to keep up all Wellesley's interests in schools outside our own country, and the above appropriations from the College Service Fund have been made by this committee. In proportion as your pledges are paid promptly and generously, can your committee forward your gifts to the girls of foreign lands who are so eagerly waiting for your help. Your big gift to our own "Sister College" in Peking is not yet determined, and we hope also to increase our contribution to the Girls' College in Cairo.

A. B. M.

"The United States is carrying on two colossal experiments in education. One is to conduct its schools largely through the services of unmarried ladies who average three years teaching before they get married. The second is to give education without religion. The United States has yet to prove that it will succeed in either or both of these experiments."—Prof. Sisson, U. of Montana.
**Alumni Department**

(The Editors are earnestly striving to make this department of value by reporting events of interest to Wellesley Alumni as promptly and as completely as possible. The Alumni are urged to cooperate by sending notices to the Alumni General Secretary or directly to the Wellesley College News.)

**ENGAGEMENTS.**


'10. Kathleen Murphy to Frank Everett Jordan of Whittier, Cal.

**MARRIAGES.**


'19. Gutmann-Mack. On February 3, in New York City, Jeanette Mack to Mr. James Gutmann.

**BIRTHS.**

'10. On January 6, in Milford, Mass., a daughter and third child, Marie, to Agnes Moss Derry.

'11. On September 6, 1919, in Szechow, China, a daughter, Edith, to Dorothy Mills Roberts.

'17. On November 23, 1919, a daughter, Ruth Christine, to Edith Dagst Archibald.

'18. On February 7, in South Bend, Indiana, a son, Gilbert III, to Helen Lent Jay. ex.'18. On February 5, in Newton Lower Falls, a daughter, to Elisabeth Davidson Bryant.

**DEATHS.**


'16. On January 15, in an accident, Dr. Charles A. Church, father of Clara Church Marks.

**HATS**

Showing Velours, Riding Hats, Sport Hats, Tailored Hats, Dress Hats and Fur Hats. Also Fur Hats Made To Order.

**KORNFELD’S, 65-69 Summer St., BOSTON**

'11. Mrs. Theran B. Walker (Alice Shumway) to 70 College St., New Haven, Conn.

Mail sent from the Alumni Office has failed to reach the following. Any one able to furnish the present address will greatly oblige the Alumni Office by sending information at once.

- Miss Sarah Louise Magone, '89.
- Miss Charles P. Puton, (Hortense Heath, '98). Miss Edith Augusta Pel, '00.
- Miss Emil Pendleton, '10.
- Miss Louise P. Penny, 99.
- Miss Ruth Perry, 12.
- Miss Johnette J. Pirkick, '11.
- Miss Lillian Vida Pilk, '92.
- Mrs. John H. Reardon, (Emily Hathaway), '96.
- Mrs. David W. Robb, Jr. (Florence Engel, '97).
- Mrs. Chauncy W. Summerville (Bernice Woodard, '13).
- Mrs. Alfred Schaper (Mary McPherson, '93).
- Miss Lenore Schaeffer, '12.
- Miss Amanda Sears, 13.
- Mrs. Durward W. Sisson.
- Miss Bertha E. Smith, 96.
- Miss Gladys M. Smith, 13.
- Mrs. Samuel Spring.
- Miss Beatrice Stevenson, '10.
- Mrs. Frederic C. Tisch (Maud Mullen, '10).
- Mrs. Win. H. Townend (Helene Gulse, '06).
- Miss Ethel H. Watt, '97.
- Miss Ed. West, '06.
- Miss Samuel C. Wheeler (Mary Phillips, '03).
- Miss Josephine A. Weeke, '12.
- Mrs. Louis L. Williams (Gertrude Robinson, '12).
- Miss Lillian Wilson.
- Miss Mildred Winchester.
- Miss Florence A. Wing, '92.

**DR. MORTON SPEAKS AT VESPERS.**

The needs of the Serbians was the subject of a talk by Dr. Rosalie S. Morton who spoke in the Chapel on Sunday evening, February 15. Dr. Morton of Columbia University was a doctor in Serbia during the war. The first port of her talk was concerning the debt America owed to the Serbians; it was the Serbians who prevented the Germans and Austrians from completing the Berlin-to-Bagdad railroad, through the use of which they would have been able to reach Africa and thus eventually send troops against the United States. She then told (Continued on page 8, column 3)
THE

WELLESLEY NATIONAL BANK

WELLESLEY, MASS.

The faculty and students of Wellesley College are invited to avail themselves of the privileges and services offered by this Bank, and the officers and employees are ever ready to render any assistance possible in connection with banking matters.

C. N. TAYLOR, President

BENJ. H. SANBORN, V.-President

SAVING DEPARTMENT

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES

THE UNNAMED PREMISE.

"The underright of life is its determining factor," said Dr. James Austin Richards, of Winnetka, Illinois, in his address in Houghton Memorial Chapel, Sunday morning, December 13. Jesus has said that a man should be judged for every idle word. Why? Because the undertow of one's life, or, as the speaker phrased it, the "unnamed premises," is revealed when one is off one's guard and when every word is not weighed with a view to its effect upon the hearer.

What are you like when you are alone? What do you think about when you are not thinking about anything? Not absurd questions at all, but very significant ones which merit serious consideration. Within every one lies many of these "unnamed premises," some of them tending to his best interests and highest aims, and some of them his worst enemies. It is one's opportunity to analyze and master these seldom-recognized forces, for they constitute their allies.

"The unnamed premise working counter to our conscious desires makes of our wills a house divided against itself, doomed to certain ruin. The unnamed premise working with our conscious desires renders us invincible."

Dr. Morton Speaks at Vesper.

(Continued from page 6, column 3)

of the hardships which the Serbians people endured in order to maintain their line of fighting men at the front. Now that the war is over, the Serbians feel that the only way in which they can provide for the future of their nation is by educating their children. Accordingly, Dr. Morton has made provision for sixty university students to come to this country. One girl is to come here to Wellesley and Dr. Morton asked that the student body aid her in providing sufficient funds for her clothing and minor expenses.